

In Memoriam

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MISS FRANCES MANWARING CAULKINS.

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A S E R M O N ,

Delivered Feb. 14, 1869, by

Rev. G. B. WILLCOX,

PASTOR OF SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

NEW LONDON, CONN.

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RUDDOCK & TIBBITS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, DAILY STAR OFFICE.

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## S E R M O N.

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*Mark 14:8. SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.*

And, in the Lord's opinion, that was enough to know of her. You remember who she was—that Mary who broke the vase of costly ointment and poured the contents on her Master's head. A very simple thing to do; rather a singular thing; some of the apostles thought it a very foolish, wasteful thing. It was not what is commonly called a religious act. It was not prayer, or the singing of praise, or exhortation. It was not even alms-giving, as some of these matter-of-fact disciples thought it ought to have been. It was only the way this dear, loving soul took, probably without much thought about it, to show the enthusiasm of her admiration. There is a heartiness, a perfect *abandon*, in the manner of it, that is really charming. No wonder that the Master was touched by it. No wonder that he warned off the disciples from attempting to slur with their cavils a deed so beautiful. As the sun makes daylight whenever he rises, as the Lord's act of healing on the Sabbath was heavenly enough to carry sanctity with it, whatever the time or place, so He seems to feel that Mary's sweet and holy deed was its own vindication, and that the way of doing it was no one's concern but hers.

Charming I say it was; not merely right or good. The busy benevolence of Dorcas was all that. You cannot help admiring Tabitha. The "coats and garments" warm your heart towards her, as they did the bodies of the widows she clothed. A very proper woman—noble woman even; would that the world were full of Dorcases! But somehow Mary takes a deeper hold of us, if we have the nature to feel it. We praise Tabitha without stint; but we fairly love Mary! We see the fineness of quality—the raw material of goodness wrought into a shape of beauty—that seems like the ideal woman we have dreamed of.

"She hath done what she could." That is, taking the words in a large sense that they will easily bear, she hath taken the way that was natural to her, of honoring God. She hath brought the best offering she had. She hath made the most of herself in His service.

A great thing that is to say of any one. There are many people who *think* the most of themselves—much more than any one else can be brought to think; and, instead of growing strong and capable for good, they grow

only absurd. There are many who make the most of themselves for some other end than God's service and the love of Christ. All ablaze with ambition, counting themselves nothing if not famous, they work their faculties at high-pressure, and goad on every power to do its best. But the harder they work the more selfish they are; and so, morally, the meaner and narrower. Ah! how little they know of the real meaning and use of life—the "rising young men," as the world calls them, the young merchants, lawyers, politicians—sometimes, I fear, a young minister, with more gifts than graces—who throw their thought, imagination, invention, will, all there is of them, into this miserable business of getting a great name! They feed on splendid visions of something to come, and fools wonder after them, and they call themselves happy.

But the sad thing in a Christian's life is, that, while he makes good use of what power he has, he does not develop and ripen himself, and so get more power. It is too much as if a young tree from the nursery, that bears a single, luscious pear, should go on bearing a single one, year after year. The pear is very good; but only as a sample of what the tree can do. We want more of the same sort. We expect the tree to grow and make the most of itself, and give us a larger and larger fruitage every year. A Christian ought to be often reviewing himself, taking an account of his talents and opportunities; looking them over, to see what more they can be made to accomplish, and what new field of effort he ought to enter.

A great saying that is of John Foster—"Power, to its last particle, is duty." In a man of any right notions of life the consciousness of any power will be, at times, a very uncomfortable consciousness. It will refuse to lie still in him, but will be turning about and pushing this way and that, and insisting on coming out into action, and stirring him up to do something in God's service and for the good of men.

The Lord occasionally sends some royal soul, as a marked example of all this; to show us the goodly sight of a true and effective life. Such souls come not so often that one can afford to let them go as cheap or common. God charges them with a great lesson to us; and happy is he that learns it!

One of these rich and fruitful lives has lately come to its end among us, rounding out its more than three score years and ten with good work to the last. I know you will gladly follow me through the story of it; and then hear what message it leaves, as a legacy more precious than rubies or gold.

FRANCES MANWARING CAULKINS was born in New London, April 26, 1795. Men of weight and mark were not wanting in the line of her ancestry. On the father's side, she was descended, in the sixth generation, from Hugh Caulkins, who, born in Wales in 1600, came out to New England in 1640. Settling first in Plymouth, Massachusetts, only some twenty years after the arrival of the Mayflower, and then in Gloucester, he removed to New London in 1651. He arrived here in a company of eight souls, among whom was Rev. Richard Blinman, first pastor of the First Church. The name of the cape on which his home had been he gave to our Cape Ann Lane; and had



as his home-lot six acres of land, where that street intersects the Lyme Turnpike.

Her father, Joshua Canlkins, died in 1795, the year of her birth, while on a commercial voyage to St. Domingo. On the mother's side, she was sixth in the line of descent from Oliver Manwaring, born about 1633, who began life in New London, 1664.

Early in this century, she removed to Norwich. She was there educated first in a school of much note in those days, kept by Rev. Joshua Williams; and afterward in a class of young ladies under the care of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the poetess, and Miss Nancy Hyde. Still later, she passed some weeks with Rev. Levi Nelson of Lisbon, advancing farther in study.

Teaching she commenced quite early in life. But not till after the death of her step-father in 1819 (whose uniform kindness was a model for step-fathers in general and always gratefully remembered) did she give herself to it as an occupation.

January 4, 1820, she established a young ladies' school, for the more advanced branches of study, in Norwich Town, which she maintained for nearly ten years. In 1828 she took charge of the Female Academy in this city. Its sessions were held in a building in Green Street, which was afterward changed into a dwelling-house. Here she taught till 1832, when her removal to Norwich City, and two years of labor there, at the head of a similar academy, brought her work as an instructor to its close, late in the year 1834.

In those fourteen years, she had, under her care, nearly four hundred young ladies. Some of these, as the three Misses Lathrop, all afterward engaged in the Foreign Missionary work, the lamented wives of Senators Jabez Huntington and William A. Buckingham, and others now living among us, were women of such qualities and character as have told with effect in large circles. Many of her pupils have been teachers in their turn. Many have finished their life-work and gone home to God.

In the Spring of 1834, she removed for a seven years residence to New York; and in 1842 returned to New London, where she remained thenceforward to the close of her life. She united with the Second Congregational Church in this city, by letter from the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church New York, in February, 1843.

Her literary labors commenced early in youth. Her first lines in verse, known to have seen the light, were in the old Connecticut Gazette in 1816. While living with an uncle, Christopher Manwaring, whose library was large and who urged her to avail herself of its resources, and to put her own gifts to service, she wrote more frequently and with increasing power. To the "American Messenger," organ of the Tract Society at New York, she contributed often, chiefly in verse but occasionally in prose. A Tract Primer, both educational and religious in its aim, has had, especially among the Freedmen in the south, an immense circulation. In the pine-barrens of North Carolina, on the hills of Tennessee, and far down among the cotton plantations of Georgia and the rice swamps of Louisiana, the Primer has met the hearty welcome of these simple children of nature. In schools with all modern conveniences, and in wretched cabins, by the light of pine

knots thrust into the wall, they have conned that little book, to learn from it both the way of knowledge and the Way of Life.

There may be shallow men, who would call this humble work for a mind like hers to do. But any one who can see the greatness of a human soul, whether looking out through a white face or a black one, whether clothed in silk and broadcloth or in homespun, will think otherwise. The man who gets into the homes of the poor does most, after all, to move the world. When Coleridge saw, on the ledge of a cottage window, a copy of Wordsworth, he said "That is fame!" And when this Tract Primer goes into the negro cabin, that is power!

She wrote also, for the same society, "The Children of the Bible" in verse; "Youths' Bible Studies," a series of four volumes, amounting to a commentary on the whole Scriptures, which, like the Primer, has gone about doing good; and "Eve and her Daughters," a collection of sketches, in rhyme, of the chief women of the Old and New Testaments.

Her historical studies commenced much earlier in life than the readers of her books ever heard of them. When but ten years old, visiting an aunt in Montville, she was missed one day by the family, who, in some anxiety, set up a thorough search. After much seeking, the child was found at last in a corner of the garret, poring over an old history of Connecticut.

The volumes she gave to the world in her character as an annalist were, The History of Norwich, in 1845; that of New London in 1852; and a second, and far larger and more elaborate, History of Norwich, in 1866.

This is not the time or place, if I had the skill, to weigh these labored works and tell their worth. They won for their author the thanks and eulogiums of such historians as Bancroft, and such statesmen as Robert C. Winthrop. The first and least of them led to her election as the *only* female member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. And their value increases as the materials from which they were drawn perish in their original form, and go down to posterity only in these histories.

There remains, in addition to the works I have mentioned, a large mass of manuscript, some of it fully prepared for the print, and a portion at least soon to be sent to the press.

The interest of Miss Caulkins in benevolent enterprise was a salient feature of her character. While living in New York, as a member of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, she held a prominent place in a society for indigent, aged women, visiting much from house to house with relief and comfort; and her attachment to the work of our own ladies' sewing circle needs no announcement here. On the organization of the New London Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, in 1845, she went heartily into that work as the secretary of the association, a post which she held to the end of her life.

But it was not as a teacher, or poet, or historian or even philanthropist, that she would have most cared to be remembered and loved. Her Christian character, dearest of all to herself, was too deep and sacred to be seen by any careless eye. The heart-struggles and self-disclosures she went through at the time of her conversion; the anguish of conviction; the downfall of pride at her Savior's feet; all go to make up one of the most



striking passages in the history of an inner life that ever came to my knowledge. As I repeat to you portions of this really wonderful story, you will see it to be, at first, the conscious strength of a high character, backed by a vigorous intellect, presently shocked and thrown into a consternation by a discovery of its helpless guilt and utter ruin. Then comes the agony of a soul blindly plunging through the gloom, looking for light but finding only deeper dark, just ready at times to give over the last hope of God's mercy, with bitter murmuring at the mystery of His ways. And then, in the third act in this drama of real life, the sweet submission and joy of a new-born disciple, becoming so much greater and nobler as she seems to herself more insignificant and unworthy. I shall give these experiences mainly in her own words, as more graphic than any I can put in their place. They are not offered as a chart of the exact course that every soul must take in seeking life. They are not set forth as faultless in every view and feeling they involve. But it will not harm us, in these times of easy and often shallow experience, to see how profoundly a strong, deep nature could be moved by a thorough discovery of self.

Miss Caulkins came down from Norwich, as we have seen, in 1829 to take charge of the Female Academy in this city. She was then in the prime of her womanhood. Her talents had already been recognized, and she had been, in Norwich, the object of much admiration. Some of the preaching common hereabouts, at that period, before the great revivals of 1831, was wanting in pungency, especially in the summons to an instant repentance. The idea that she was called of God to decide at once to be a Christian seems to have hardly ever come into her mind. She was full of what she called "natural religion"; proud of her own righteousness, feeling that to be good enough to save her, and seeing no need of any supernatural redemption.

But as that blessed year of grace 1831 drew on, a change came over pews and pulpits both, in all the churches. Ministers awoke to the message that Taylor and Nettleton had been thundering through dull ears to stupid hearts—"Now is the day of salvation"; "*To-day* if ye will hear His voice"; and sounded it to the echo, till men heard and obeyed. This high-souled, intellectual woman at last was reached by the tender appeal of a friend who still survives. The Spirit of God came upon her in power, and the struggle within her began. But you shall have it in her own vivid words, in correspondence with the friend already mentioned:

"Would that I could lay bare my spirit to the influence of those truth which you recommend, and feel the rock melt into water before them! But alas! while my heart pours forth a tide of gratitude towards *you*, it shrinks back cold and reluctant from the path of duty which you point out. \* \* \* Wo to them whom the mighty power of conscience forces, at times, to look back upon a thousand stifled convictions and neglected invitations! It is a terrible thing to have been many times near the gate of release, and to find oneself still the prisoner of despair. For such there is less hope. I am almost afraid to trust myself to speak of this subject. \* \* I have sometimes thought of late, and have trembled as if from an immediate rebuke of Heaven as the appalling truth came over me, that in proportion as other hearts melted mine was congealed. I would give worlds only to recover that degree of feeling which I possessed a year ago; but now I confess to you, and groan as I do it, that ice is not colder nor adamant more hard,

than my heart to every saving religious impression. My thoughts are confused and indistinct when I bend them to the subject; and I find myself incapable of contemplating with either steadiness or sincerity, the dangers of my situation or the possibilities of escape. I fear that there is something judicial in all this; and that, having more frequently resisted the secret influences of the Spirit than others, having broken through more of the restraints of Providence, persisted longer in unbelief, demanded greater evidences, and more wilfully refused to comprehend the light that shown around me, the retributive justice of Heaven has doomed me to be always seeking yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; and stamped my forehead with the indelible curse of the "almost Christian."

If God had had any thoughts of mercy toward me, would His Providence have so ordained it that I should leave Norwich just as His Spirit began to move the hearts of many of my friends there; and my own was in that excited state which would seem to prepare it for the reception of a blessing? If He had purposed my salvation, would He have permitted all those holy impressions which were aroused during the first winter of my residence here, by a course of preaching more powerful and pungent than that to which I had been accustomed, to sink into this death-like stupidity? In fine, if the things of my peace are not forever hid from my eyes, why is it that I can hear of these triumphant exhibitions of Divine grace that are passing through our country, without being shaken to the center, and pouring my soul into the general stream of submission and praise? Why is it that I cannot at once cast the earth behind, and believe and love and wonder and adore?\*

\* \* *You cannot know anything of the agonies suffered by a soul for which two opposite powers have so long struggled for the mastery.* I do hope—and will you not hope for me?—that doubt and unbelief have not yet gained the entire sway; but that conscience and the Spirit still maintain a footing there. \* \* I have alluded before to the effect that Mr. McEwen's preaching has had upon me. So forcible, so rational, so pointed; there is no escape from truths thus enforced. I never listen to it attentively without being astonished at the mighty power of mind upon mind. Yet I have become so willfully stupid of late, that I consider it only as an intellectual exhibition, and suffer it to play round my head, without affecting my heart. I am amazed at my own lethargy. \* \* Being alone this rainy evening, I have been tempted to display more of the secrets of that prison-house my heart, than I at first intended. \* \* Whatever becomes of *me*, either here or hereafter, may *you* be everlastingly happy."

Again, in another note, she shows the progress of this almost hopeless struggle:

"I fear that I have, in some way, unconsciously deceived you; and that you do not even conjecture what a heathen I am. Yes, I would emphatically say, a heathen—such an ardent devotee of natural religion, and so little of a Christian. You remember \* \* the other morning that you labored to bring me to make an immediate and entire surrender of my heart to God. I would not, then, answer you. Your importunity was painful to me; and, when I closed the gate that separated us, I drew a long and gasping breath of relief. But no sooner were you gone than I determined to follow your counsel; and, with all the energy of which I was capable, I mentally placed myself in the hands of God. It was not an unwilling or difficult task. It was easy and pleasant. It was like pouring a melted heart into its natural channel. For two or three days all my doubts and fears, and even my passions, slumbered; and I was sensible only of inward stillness and peace. There was but one voice in my soul, and that was a gentle whisper, continually uttering: 'Lord I am thine—not my own but Thine. I consecrate all to Thee.' From this my happy, but exceedingly false, state of security, I was suddenly roused by the thought that I had come to God without a mediator. I had called Him Father, and cast my-

\*See p. 10.

self on His grace, and trusted in His mercy, without any realizing faith in the divine atonement. Christ was left out of my salvation. I had fancied my sins remitted without shedding of blood. \* \* I am sure that no one acquainted with the Scriptures was ever so far from being a Christian as I. Will you still continue to feel some solicitude for one, whose confessions, I am aware, must tend to place her out of the pale of Christian sympathy? And yet, I have palliated the truth; for if I had told you all, you would have considered my case desperate, and left me to my fate. What shall I do? Will you answer this letter? No; for you can only direct me, again and again, to the Cross; and your words sound to me like a speech in an unknown tongue. \* \* Yet, let me hear from you again, if it is only to say that you never before knew a darkness that so obstinately refused to comprehend the light. Your letter, three weeks ago, found me busy with my studies, my duties, my fancies, and my natural religion, and dismissing the claims of the Gospel to a more convenient season. You have been instrumental in plunging me into this chaos of darkness and doubt. Do not abandon me there!"

I think, my friends, that you will not easily find a story anywhere, of intenser suffering than this—one that starts more promptly the sympathy of any generous nature. Say, if you will, that there was here a conscience morbidly sensitive, an exaggerated view of Divine justice, a refusal to accept of comfort to which the soul, by submission, was doubtless already entitled. There is certainly a deep probing of her own spirit, and a tremendous sense of the greatness of the problem of salvation. But God had some better thing in store for her. The leading-string that brought her out of this cavern of gloom was these four questions wisely put to her on the 17th of March, 1831, to which she was able to reply as follows on the 1st of May:—

*First.* "Are you a sinner?" *Answer.* "One of the deepest dye. God has made me feel this, till my very frame shivered with the sense."

*Second.* "Can Christ save you?" *Answer.* "Thanks be to God, He is able to save to the uttermost. He can blot out all transgression, and clothe with righteousness."

*Third.* "Will He, if you are willing?" *Answer.* "It is the height of ingratitude and infatuation to doubt His willingness. He descended from heaven, suffered and died to manifest it."

*Fourth.* "Are you willing He should, freely?" *Answer.* "I am less unwilling. I trust that His grace will make me perfectly willing. I perceive that this salvation is free—gloriously, graciously free; and this alone is the foundation of my hope. If it were to be bought, I must despair; for I am empty-handed, and could not purchase it."

Again, on May 10th, after words of gratitude for the Christian fidelity that had won her to Christ, she says:

"I have hoped too that, by delay, I should have something more satisfactory to tell you concerning myself—that I could speak of that deep and intimate conviction of sin which appears to be the first step toward abolishing its power. What am I? and Where do I stand? are questions that I am afraid to answer, lest immature confidence on the one hand or ungrateful doubt on the other should cause me to err. I have endeavored to examine myself by those excellent tests which have been so liberally set before me; and while some of them shed upon my heart the glow of hope, others again fill me with the confusion of fear. I do not seem to have room or time to view this great salvation in more than one or two points; and I fear that I am so taken up with one part of the Gospel plan as to neglect the other; and that, in the fresh joy of believing, I have forgotten that the bruised and broken heart of repentance is the most acceptable sacrifice. My soul is too limited for the exercise of all its duty. It is



enough for me to stand in amazement before the Cross of Christ, and *believe and love and wonder and adore*.\* 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' All my powers seem to be fully occupied in the delightful belief of this one proposition—'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life.' I long to ask every one I meet, 'Have you found this Savior?' \* \* O the boundless goodness of God, that, at this time, has placed me in such fortunate circumstances, and given me such prevailing friends and judicious interpreters of His Word! I look back with astonishment. I have been, for nearly ten years, a borderer, living upon the very brink of the Gospel, and solicitously endeavoring to *prepare myself* for its reception—convinced of its supernatural origin and assenting to its Divine efficacy, without surrendering myself to its commands or heartily doing any one thing to manifest the glory of its Author. I loved to study the Scriptures: so I did Virgil. I had a high relish for a good sermon: so I had for a scientific lecture. I delighted to repeat the lofty strains of David and Isaiah; so I did those of Byron and Campbell. No kind friend came and broke into the fatal course of my preconceived ideas, and stamped the duty of immediate decision upon my heart. No pulpit thundered this awakening word "*Now!*" loud enough for my occupied soul to hear. O, my friend, my whole heart burns with the glory of that sovereign grace that has at length awakened me from the sleep of years! What can I, what may I, do, to shed abroad that light and love and glory which I now first begin to perceive?"

Some noble lines, afterwards addressed to this same friend, will best complete the story of the change through which she had passed:

"Our tears have mingled, and our ardent prayers  
 Ascended from one altar. We have held  
 Communion high on themes divinely grand,  
 Discoursing of the soul's undying hope,  
 The light from heaven, the glory of the Cross,  
 The priceless ransom, and eternal crown.  
 Then o'er the wreck of souls that round us lay  
 We poured out anxious pity, reasoning oft  
 Of duty, and the arduous walk of faith,  
 And Christian warfare; till the kindling flame  
 Of instant action in our breasts rose high.  
 \* \* \* By Heaven itself inspired,  
 A generous purpose in thy bosom glowed.  
 Thou would'st not let me go.  
 \* \* \* Lured onward still  
 To the pure fountains of eternal truth,  
 I drank those living waters and beheld  
 The full, free, rich, exhaustless, boundless flow.  
 Then burst my song! my thoughts, my heart was love;  
 My roused affection breathed spontaneous prayers.  
 All earth reflected back the enlightening glow  
 Of my immortal hopes. The hills, the trees  
 Sang anthems of salvation, and the sky  
 Was tinted with love's hue. The very airs  
 Breathed balmy peace, the soul's sweet medicine."

This "kindling flame of *instant action*," burned to some purpose in her earnest character, setting her at once at work doing good. Instead of a formal repetition of the Lord's Prayer, each morning, in her school, with which she had before been contented, she now threw into the circle of young maidens around her the freshness and tenderness of her new love. Looking about, too, for some other opening, through which to send a blessing, she went down with the late Mr. Andrew M. Frink and others, to a house on the Harbor Road, where they established a bible-class and mission-school.

\*See p. 8.

But time fails me, and I hasten on. The last published words of hers were a contribution in verse to the American Messenger, Jan. 25th, of the present year, under the title "The Aged Emigrant." It is a touching transcript of the feeling of a believer far on toward the close of a long pilgrimage, with the gates of heaven almost in sight.

Three traits of character stood out clearly in the life of our friend, which I am hardly able here to more than state in the fewest words. One of them was her incessant and untiring industry. She was not only active by nature, but *conscientious* in feeling her time to be not her own, and in turning it all to good account. There was nothing in her of the common feeling that, so our sacred hours are well spent, it matters little, on secular days, whether we work or idle. One thing well done was no reason, in her judgment, for sitting down to enjoy it, and have her self-congratulations over it, but rather for going about some other thing, to be done better still.

And it will perhaps surprise you to know that, after a life so effective as hers, she was burdened at times with the feeling that she had never done anything, and with the deep, sad wish that she had spent her years to some purpose. This fact, which betrays itself in her private papers since she is gone, is one of the finest proofs how choice and noble was her character. It is always so with those rare souls who have done and are doing the most for the world. Every half-developed man will think that he knows something; but Isaac Newton thought himself an ignorant child on the shore of the ocean of truth. Every raw and shallow Christian will imagine that he has done something for the world; but Jonathan Edwards bowed his head with shame for his inefficiency. Such men compared themselves with a standard, aimed at a mark, that was so high as to be out of sight to common souls, and that therefore never trouble them with its altitude.

Another quality was her singular cheerfulness. Much afflicted with disease and often in pain, she had nothing to say of her ailments—no words to waste in repining. Lowell's fountain—

"Into the star-light  
Rushing in spray;  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day;"—

is the best type of her common mood. She enjoyed the sports of children as intensely as children themselves. She had, at three score and ten, none of the sour and doleful views of life so common to aged people—none of the complaint that "the former days were better than these." A relative has well outlined her character in the words, "Loving the past, enjoying the present, hopeful of the future."

A third trait in our friend was the law of kindness on her tongue—a law to which she was steadily and beautifully loyal. The fixed principle of her life was never to speak evil of any one, except when some positive duty required it. And if you will adopt that rule it will astonish you to see how lenient positive duty is in making any such demand. This gentleness of speech was the more signal in her because it is just these active and efficient characters, of whom she was one, that are most apt to pass harsh judgments. Some people are amiable because really too lazy to be anything else. She had a better reason for it. She could always find an apology for



anybody's failings but her own, because she looked for it not so much in the person concerned as in her own charitable heart.

But I must not drift into eulogium. When I remember the shrinking humility of her spirit, I seem to hear her whispering a rebuke to me even now. Let me repeat, before closing, a few lines, probably the last she ever wrote—lines not yet published. They tell the longing of her whole nature for the heaven to which she has risen. They are the beginning on earth of her endless song :—

“This one word Home! no sweeter sound  
The voice of man e'er breathed around.  
'T was heaven that warmed earth's frozen ground  
With this bright hearth-stone, Home,

Sweet word! the echo from a gate,  
Wherein the chiming angels wait,  
With glowing hearts and harps elate,  
To welcome pilgrims home.

Like tuneful air, or silvery flame,  
Shook from a seraph's wings, it came.  
What speech but that of heaven could frame  
So sweet a word as—Home.

When worldly cares distracting rise,  
When winds are wild and dark the skies,  
On Thee, O Lord! my soul relies:  
Where Thou art, there is home!

Soon may it come—that joyful day,  
When, sin and sorrow swept away,  
Thou to my leaping heart shalt say  
‘Come home, my child, come home!’ ”

No word of exhortation need be added here. A life like hers is more eloquent than speech. Her memory pleads in holy silence—may there be hearts attent to hear it! God grant us grace to find that anchor of hope on which she leaned, that Friend to Whom she told her sorrows, that heavenly heritage to which she has gone!



